

To Miss Nancy Colby.

O may Heaven your path with roses strew;
And bathe each wound of woe in pity's dew.
May all your life be fair as summers' Eve,
When no dark cloud breaks the serene of Heaven.
And when stern death with unremitting hand
Shall seize his dart and show his ebbing sand,
Then may kind Angels waft you to the skies,
To paint the enchanting scenes of Paradise.

Please to accept this from your friend M. C. Johnson

Amoskeag Falls April 19 1891

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